

Title: Love is a Battlefield

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Category: 100

Genre: Drama, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Bellamy B., Clarke G.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-12 04:41:33

Updated: 2016-04-14 04:29:56

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:27:53

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 6,984

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

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## 1. Chapter 1

Title: Love is a Battlefield

Summary: Bellarke â€" An alternate version of events after "Wanheda Part 2". Bellamy goes to Polis in search of Clarke.

Disclaimer: The characters of "The 100" are not mine in any way, I am just borrowing them for a bit.

A story of "what if's". I could not understand how Clarke could forgive Lexa so quickly. Don't get me wrong, I have nothing against their relationship or Lexa herself. I just couldn't get past how quickly Clarke seemed to forgive her. I know that love can transcend a lot, but I found it difficult to swallow with all that had happened between those two women. I am also a Bellarke fan and haven't been impressed with the direction in which they took both Clarke and Bellamys characters this season.

So, this is my attempt at a different version of events after Wanheda Part 2. I'm also pretending that the AI threat isn't there. In this world, the Nuclear war which killed most of humanity was nations against one another, not an AI. Largely this is because it's not the story I'm interested in telling.

## Chapter 1

Clarke sat on a stool by a window high up in the tallest building in Polis. She gazed down upon the city below, her journal in her lap, a makeshift brush in her hand. Clarke had been painting moments ago, trying to capture the vision before her. Clarke had woken to her sketch book, a makeshift brush and a pot of black paint on the table

by the window. She was surprised that Lexa had remembered her love of painting or sketching. Clarke had almost been touched by the thought, then she began to question it. What was Lexa's intention? Butter her up? For what purpose. Lexa clearly wanted something from her, other than her death.

Thoughts she didn't want to address had begun swirling in her mind, as they often did. Painting, sketching, often helped Clarke to deal with life, emotions, while simultaneously taking her away from everything. She had taken up the art again after the events that had led her to leave Camp Jaha. Events thatâ€¦

Clarke shook her head. Trying to push painful memories away. So many emotions were mixing within her mind. The usual self-hatred, for leaving Camp Jaha and Bellamy, forâ€¦Mt. Weatherâ€¦Finn. And now, joining in the mix was confusion.

She was conflicted. Angry at being kidnapped by someone under Lexa's command, at being in Polis, so close to a person she had begun to care for, who had then taken her feelings and ripped them to shreds. Scared because she had overheard a guard mention that representatives from "skaikru" were coming to Polis, tired of running from her past, haunted by her actions, missing her friends, hating herself. Wondering if they hated her for leaving, wondering if Bellamy hated her, missing himâ€¦.

Clarke pulled angrily at the chain attached to her wrist. Tears forming in her eyes from the pain of the metal biting into her flesh, but mostly from inner pain. Clarke relished the physical sensation, pulling harder, feeling the rough metal break skin. It helped her push past the pain in her heart and, if she were honest with herself, she felt that she deserved the pain, the punishment for what she had done.

The sound of a door opening brought Clarke's attention into focus.

A guard stepped into the room, scanned it and then stepped aside to allow someone to pass. It was Lexa. She wasn't in her usual leathers, instead wearing a long sleeved cotton shirt and a long skirt with slits up both sides. Her hair wasn't in the usual braids either, only one big braid gathering most of her hair. Clarke had to admit that Lexa looked beautiful, but that thought was angrily pushed aside once she met Lexa's gaze. No matter what she might have once begun to feel for the commander, the commander betrayed her, resulting in an impossible decision that would end with the deaths of hundreds of innocent people. Clarke's resolve strengthened. She knew that Lexa was dressed differently purposefully. Nothing Lexa did was without intent. Clarke pulled herself straighter.

Clarke watched as Lexa looked at the chain on her right wrist, she thought she might have seen sadness, but decided she no longer cared.

"You are hurt", Lexa motioned to her wrist.

"I'm fine", Clark replied, trying to keep her voice even.

When Lexa went to step closer, Clarke stood and backed away, "Don't touch me".

Lexa stopped, her mouth pressing together in a thin line, "Please allow me to help you, Clarke. You are a guest here, not a prisoner."

Clarke laughed, the first time in she couldn't recount how long, hollow sounding though it was. "Could have fooled me" as she rattled the chain attached to her wrist for emphasis.

Lexa seemed to steel herself. "That is for your protection, Clarke. You tried to leave Polis and it is not safe for you outside of these walls."

Clarke grit her teeth, "That's none of your concern"

Clarke heard Lexa take a breath, "It is my concern when the Queen of the Ice Nation would take your blood and solidify her power, starting a war with my people."

Clarke shook her head, always a larger purpose with Lexa, "Of course. That's why I'm hereâ€¦ I'm a threat to your power".

Lexa grit her teeth, frustration evident in her words, her face otherwise a mask. "You put yourself at risk with your reckless behaviour, Clarke. I cannot allow you to roam the woods, drowning in self-pity, putting your life at risk. Putting my coalition at risk"

"What do you care about my life." Clarke turned back to the window.

Lexa took a step closer, "More than I should. Clarke, please."

Clarke whirled on Lexa, "Don't you dare act like you care. I may have believed that lie once, but not after you left me and my people to DIE at that Mountain. Not after you betrayed me."

Lexa remained stoic, her face a mask of control, "I did what I had to do to protect my people. I will not apologize for that, no matter what it may have cost me."

Clarke couldn't believe her ears, "Cost you? I killed 500 people! Women and childrenâ€¦ Iâ€¦ I hate myself for what I did, what I had to do because you betrayed us and left us there to die. I hate you with every ounce of my being."

Lexa's features softened briefly, " You hate yourselfâ€¦ even though you made the best decision for your people. Hate me if you feel you must, but what was done was done because we are leaders, our people depend on us".

Clarke shook her head. She didn't want sympathy from Lexa, if softened her resolve to hate her, to blame her for everything that had happened at that god-forsaken mountain. "You betrayed our alliance, our trustâ€¦ my trust. I would kill you if I could."

"I don't think you would Clarke, that is not who you are. And you forget, you have also betrayed the trust of those you counted as friends, your allies in the mountain."

Clarke blinked, angrily pushing away the tears. She knew that she had betrayed people in mount weather. One specifically came to mind.

Maya.

She saw Lexa move towards her out of the corner of her eye.

Clarke's eyes narrowed, "Come any closer and you will find out exactly what kind of person I am."

Lexa stopped moving, "I am sorry that you feel this way Clarke, but it is for your protection. We need each other. Ice Nation are strong and growing stronger, they threaten my coalition. You would strengthen it. Wanheda bowing to me"

Clarke lunged toward Lexa, face red with anger, eyes spitting fire, only the metal in her wrist holding her back. "I will NEVER bow to you."

Lexa stood her ground. "Skaikru are weak. Ice Nation know that and will come for your people. They will slaughter them all. I can offer protection IF you join my coalition and become the 13th clan."

Clarke laughed hollowly, shaking her head. "You can't be serious."

Lexa lifted her chin, holding herself higher. "I am, it is what is best for both of our peoples. If you could look past your hate, you would see that. "

With that Lexa turned to leave, the door closing behind her just as a jar of dark paint smashed against it.

Abby and Kane were overseeing the packing of the vehicle that would lead them to Polis.

Bellamy approached them, a determined expression on his face. "I'm coming with you"

Kane sighed, "Bellamy, we already discussed this. You are on probation for disobeying my direct order to go after Clarke. Besides, you are in no condition to come with your leg wound."

Bellamy shook his head, "My leg is fine. Look, I can't apologize for going after Clarke, but I know I messed up. Please. I need to see if the grounders know anything more about where Clarke might have been taken."

Kane put a hand on the younger mans shoulder, understanding and sympathy in his gaze, "I know you want to find Clarke, we all do. Abby and I will find out all we can, but this is a diplomatic mission, Bellamy. We have to be careful right now. Our peace with the Commander is fragile at best and with Ice Nation at our borders"

Bellamy interrupted at this point "The commander broke our alliance and left us at that mountain to die, we can't trust them."

"This is exactly why you are not coming"

Bellamy turned away, took a deep breath and ran a hand through his hair. Frustration, desperation, fear coming off of him in waves. Abby felt for Bellamy, he was clearly desperate to find Clarke. Kane had told her about his actions and then reactions to finding Clarke and then losing her. Abby was just as desperate to find her daughter, she was just more experienced at hiding her emotions then he was. She couldn't decide which was better at that point.

"Please, Sir. I will control myself. I will let you do the talking, I'll be a good little guard dog, but I need to come with you. I can't just sit here, waiting around to hear something, anything, about Clarke. I can't do nothing when she is still out there, in danger."

Kane went to speak, but Abby interrupted him, "Kane." and held up her hand. Then she turned to the younger man, her gaze soft, "Give us a moment, Bellamy".

Bellamy nodded and walked a few feet away, to the other side of the vehicle. He hated being so out of control. The relatively short time that he and Clarke had been the leaders of their group had given him a taste of the freedom to determine his own future and he found himself struggling with his new "role" in Arkadia. He needed to find Clarke. He had her, she was right in front of him. Scared, wide eyed, wild blonde hair with streaks of redâ€¦beautiful. Bellamy shook himself. Clarke was his other half. For months she had consumed his thoughts. Bellamy hated himself for allowing her to leave. No matter that he had gone out to search for her a few hours after she had left, having regretted his decision to let her walk away. It did hurt him to think that she would turn her back on her people. But Bellamy knew that it was more than that, that she was in so much pain from recent events that she couldn't bare to face returning to any semblance of normalcy.

Knowing didn't make the pain less, however. Bellamy was hurting too. Many nights he had woken from a dream, drenched in sweat, shaking from memories that would forever haunt him. Clarke hadn't been the only one to pull that lever. He had tried to drown his pain by working tirelessly as a guard, taking extra patrol shifts in a desperate effort to find some evidence of Clarke. And he had, once, not long after she had left. A group had volunteered to go to Mt Weather and bury the dead. Most of the volunteers had been from the 100, Kane and Abby had gone as well. When they had arrived at the main entrance, they had been shocked. There were graves, freshly dug. At least 90-100. Bellamy had known immediately who had buried them. Clarke. He remembered taking off at a run, calling her name. Desperately hoping to find her he had searched the entire compound. Nothing. They had found a campsite not far from the compound, recent, but abandoned. Blood had been on the ground. Bellamy remembered feeling a cold settle into his stomach. Terrified of what had happened to Clarke, why had she stopped burying the dead suddenly. He had nearly wept knowing that she had taken it upon herself to bury the people of Mt Weather by herself, alone. Bellamy wished she would have stayed and shared the burden with him, as it should be. He wished he had found her at the campsite, resting after a gut wrenching day of burying the dead.

He needed her.

He heard a voice calling, "Blake" and returned to Kane and Abby.

Abby smiled as Bellamy came close, his hair appeared tousled, he'd obviously been pulling at it restlessly, a habit Abby had observed over the last few months.

Abby spoke first, "You can come with us, Bellamy. With the understanding that this is a diplomatic mission. No visible firearms. No starting fights. No talking period. Let us do the talking and ask the questions. You are there to observe and guard only, is that understood?"

Bellamy railed a little against the command, but nodded. "Yes, Ma'am." Because this was the only lead he had to Clarke and he couldn't let that pass, no matter how much he didn't trust the grounders or their Commander.

Kane nodded, "Good, then let's get going."

Hopefully you guys like the story so far. I was nervous about posting it as the story is still developing in my head.

## 2. Chapter 2

Apologies for the lack of proper spacing in the last chapter, I tried to correct it, but had difficulty. Hopefully this chapter is better. Also, in my universe Gina wasn't as big a part of Bellamy's life. The only purpose I really felt she served was as a BS excuse for Bellamy's so easily being seduced by Pike.

### Chapter 2

Clarke's fingers were stained with black, her right hand busily turning the once empty page into a representation of the city below.

Clarke had to admit that the city was impressive to look at. It reminded her of her history lessons of the old medieval cities in what was once Europe, the way people seemed to bustle about in the marketplace.

Clarke was thankful for the chalk. It helped to distract her from her thoughts. Drawing was the only thing to keep her from destroying herself in the woods. She had created drawing tools using coal from her fires.

The first few days away from Camp Jaha had been hard. Clarke had returned to Mount Weather, intent on burying the bodies of the people she had killed.

Ironically, it had nearly killed her as well. Clarke had managed to bury 94 people before she came to a child. A young girl curled in her bed, clutching what looked like a teddy bear.

Clarke had stumbled out of the room and thrown up. Then she'd ran outside and never looked back. She'd fallen to her knees then after tripped on a root, cutting herself on a rock.

The physical pain had almost been a balm. She'd embraced the pain, believing it was minute in comparison to the loss of those hundreds resting in mount weather. The burning of the cut, the ache, watching the blood flow down her arm, onto the ground. It had been mesmerizing. At some point she had passed out, but had been woken by the sound of voices. She recognized Bellamy's rich, deep tones. That brought her awake immediately, she couldn't face them. Clarke grabbed the little pack she had put together from provisions at mt weather and run. She had run for hours, stumbling, falling, but refusing to stop until she had put as much distance between herself and the Arkers as possible.

A knock on her door suddenly drew Clarke from her memories.

Lexa's advisor, Titus, came into the room. "The commander asked me to relay that the representatives from Skaikru have arrived. They are to meet with the Commander shortly. Lexa has asked me to escort you there."

Clarke looked away from Titus. She was torn.

She certainly did not want to remain a prisoner at Polis, but she was terrified of seeing anyone from Skaikru.

Unlessâ€|

No, Clarke doubted that Bellamy would have been allowed on a diplomatic mission. The ghost of a smile crossed Clarkes face. Diplomacy wasn't really Bellamy's style. She worried about Bellamy, hoped that he was alright after â€| stabbed him in the leg when Bellamy tried to rescue her. Clarke had been terrified when Bellamy was attacked. She couldn't lose him.

"Wanheda?"

Clarke was brought out of her thoughts by Titus. "Can you tell me who the representatives of Skaikru are?"

"I believe it is Chancellor Griffin and Commander Kane."

Clarke nodded. Her mother was here.

Clarke turned back to Titus. "I can't".

Titus opened his mouth to speak, but Clarke interrupted him.

"I'm notâ€|I can't see them yet."

"Very well. Lexa foresaw this. She asked me to remind you of her offer and that you are important to the success of the Coalition, both as Wanheda and a leader among the Skaikru."

The anger Clarke waited for at this statement did not come. Clarke nodded at Titus and he turned to leave.

Clarke didn't want to be important. She didn't want to be Wanheda. To the grounders it was an honour. The slayer of the mountain. Commander of death.

To her it was a brand of dishonour on her soul that she desperately wanted gone. She was a murderer, not a hero.

So much deathâ€¦ever since her father had been floated, it felt like there had been nothing but death.

Wells, Charlotte, Finnâ€¦ so many of the original 100, the people of mount weather, Mayaâ€¦ all dead.

What kind of leader was she if she couldn't keep her people alive?

Tears burned down Clarkes cheek and she suddenly felt full of rage. She burned with a terrible energy that felt as though it would consume her whole. Clarke screamed and struck out with her right hand at the journal and chalk, sending it flying to the ground. The chain bit into her right wrist again, opening the healing cut from before. Clarke pulled harder of the chain, ripping the skin further, deeper, relishing the pain. Clarke then fell to her knees and wept.

â€¦..

Kane and Abby finished their tour of Polis, feeling both renewed with hope that peace might be achieved. Seeing the relative peace of the market and the city made them both smile.

As they approached a large wooden door, high up in the tower their smiles faded. They both understood the task before them. They wanted peace, but their faith in the commander had been sorely tested and neither took the consequences of her betrayal lightly.

Especially Abby.

Anger toward the commander burned in her heart, blame for Clarkes absence seething inside of her. Abby hid it behind a mask of indifference, but if the Commander thought that they could or would ever forget the past, she was wrong. That did not mean that Abby would ever jeopardize the possibility of peace between the grounders and Skaikru, as the grounders called them, but it did mean Abby was very much on alert.

Bellamy had fallen back, a few feet behind the two leaders. He had looked around Polis in amazement. He had heard that the city was large, but he'd had no idea how large. All Bellamy had to go on was Lincolns village, which was tiny in comparison. It was impressive really. Not that Bellamy would ever say that aloud.

Bellamy had been on guard throughout the walk through the city. He could see Kane becoming enchanted by it. Bellamy didn't buy it. It may look all nice and copacetic on the outside, but there was also another side. Living as he had on the Ark, hiding his sister, his mother trading sexual favours to keep them alive, he knew nothing was ever what it appeared to be.

He didn't trust the grounders, they had done nothing but attack his people since the moment they stepped off of the drop ship.

Bellamy didn't fully believe that a peace could be reached with the grounders.



Kane and Abby seemed to believe there could be peace, but Bellamy couldn't allow himself the luxury of belief or hope.

Not after the events of Mt Weather.

All he could do was hope that the grounders had more information on Clarke's whereabouts.

He knew that there was something between Lexa and Clarke, before the final battle at Mt Weather. Octavia had informed him about that. Along with what happened at TonDC.

Bellamy couldn't say that he wasn't angry and upset about what Clarke did, but he could understand it, especially after speaking with Raven. Plus

None of that mattered right now. Finding Clarke alive and unharmed was all that mattered.

They arrived at the large, intricately carved, wooden doors. The doors swung open and the group was ushered inside. Lexa was seated on a large throne before them, a bald, tall, imposing looking man, covered in tattoos stood to her right. Guards flanked the doors, two more stood on either side of the throne, a few feet away. Kane, Abby, Bellamy and their two guards from Arkadia were escorted into the middle of the room.

"Chancellor Griffin, Commander Kane, Bellamy Blake. You are all welcomed to Polis."

Kane spoke "Thank you Commander. We are honoured to have been invited to speak to you about such an important issue as peace between our two peoples and the threat of Ice Nation."

"Indeed. As you know, Ice Nations army has crossed the border into our lands and marches closer to Polis. The Ice Nations Queen is looking for war. A war that would not only devastate my people but would destroy Skaikru. Their army is larger than you have people. The Ice Nation also seeks to take Wanheda to start this war. This cannot be allowed"

Abby broke in "Wanheda? You mean Clarke?"

Lexa inclined her head, "Yes. She is seen as an almost mythical hero to my people. The slayer of the mountain. Commander of death. It is believed that by drinking her blood would give Ice Nations Queen the power of Wanheda. This would destroy the coalition and begin the war."

Bellamy spoke up then, a frown creasing his forehead. "Drink her blood? Are you serious?"

Lexa nodded, " My people believe that blood is a sacred and powerful thing. Clarke's blood is believed to be powerful"

Bellamy looked to Abby, "Chancellor, we need to be out there, double our efforts to find Clarke. We can't let that Ice bitch get her hands on her."

Lexa spoke before Abby had a moment to reply, "That has already been taken care of."

Bellamy turned back to the Commander, eyes narrowed in suspicion. "What do you mean?"

"I sent out scouts a moon ago, to search for Clarke when word reached me that Ice Nation was searching for her." It had been longer than that, but that wasn't information Lexa felt like sharing.

"I saw her three days ago, she was being held captive by someone from Ice Nationâ€¦I saw his markings. She was still alive. We have to get out there and find her. Have any of your scouts heard anything?"

"My scout returned with Clarke two days ago. She is here in Polis."

Bellamy felt as though someone had punched him in the chest, stolen the air from his lungs. He was simultaneously relieve and shocked. Then hot anger flashed through him.

"Where is she?"

Lexa's eyes narrowed. "She is safe."

"Tell me where she is" Bellamy said in a voice entirely too calm. Abby gave Bellamy a concerned look.

"When the terms of alliance have been discussed, then I will have a guard take you to her."

Bellamy took a menacing step forward, which brought the guards forward to protect their Commander. "Take me to her now!"

Lexa held up a hand to stop her guard, one eyebrow quirked. Interested, but unamused, by the outburst.

Abby came forward and put her hand on Bellamys arm, "Bellamyâ€¦calmâ€¦"

Bellamy shook off her hand "NO! You have her here, show us that she is safe and unharmed."

Kane pulled Bellamy back. "That's enough Blake"

"ENOUGH!" Lexa's voice boomed in the chamber, her patience having run thin.

Abby turned to Lexa, using her doctors voice, as her late-husband once described it, a tone reserved for diplomacy when Abby felt anything but diplomatic. "Commander, I respectfully request to see my daughter before we continue on with this discussion. I agree that peace and the threat of ice nation is extremely important. But Iâ€¦we, need to see that she is alright."

Titus leaned forward to Lexa and said something in the grounder tongue.

Lexa turned back to the representatives, "I will allow Bellamy Blake to see Clarke now. ONLY as his presence is disruptive to these

proceedings. Chancellor Griffin and Commander Kane will remain here to discuss the terms of our alliance. After we have concluded, you will be shown to Clarke."

Not waiting for an answer, Lexa motioned to her right, a guard stepped out of the shadows and towards Bellamy.

Bellamy immediately tensed, but allowed the guard to escort him out of the main hall.

He was escorted down one flight of stairs, down a long corridor, to a room near the end. There he could see two guards, one on either side of the old metal door. The grounders exchanged words, then the one to the right turned and pushed the door open. Bellamy was nearly pushed inside before the door was closed behind him.

Bellamy took in the room, a couch and chair situated around a table directly in front of him, what looked like a bed farther to the right and straight aheadâ€|Clarke.

It almost felt like a dream, the way the sun came in behind her, giving her an ethereal look as she sat at a table. Bellamy was almost afraid to move in case any movement would cause her to fade like the ghost.

He saw that she was wearing what appeared to be dark brown pants, covered with a cream coloured, linen looking shift that left her shoulders bare, but covered her arms. Her hair looked golden in the afternoon sun.

Bellamy felt his throat catch.

She was beautiful. He ached to touch her. To prove that she was real.

Clarke had turned her head towards the door when she heard it open. Her eyes widened with shock.

Bellamy, she thought.

He was there.

She couldn't believe it.

The man that had been consuming her thoughts ever since she kissed him goodbye all those months ago.

Her partner, her friend, herâ€|.

Clarke stood slowly, unsure if she could believe her eyes

Bellamy was transfixed.

"Bellamy?"

That was all it took to shake Bellamy from his frozen state. Bellamy nearly ran across the room, only slowed by his healing leg. He saw Clarke start to walk towards him and then stop suddenly, her right arm behind her.

Bellamy slowed. "Clarke?" He then saw the metal circling her wrist, attached to a chain. White hot rage filled him. The urge to run back to the ceremonial chamber and deck the Commander was nearly overwhelming.

"What the hell?!" Bellamy strode forward and took Clarke's right hand into both of his, examining it, noticing the blood he looked up into her eyes, his right hand coming up and touching her face. "You're hurt".

Clarke shook her head softly, not wanting to break contact with the hand touching her. "I'm alright. Your leg?"

Same princess, always worried more about others. "It'll heal—I'm getting this thing off you."

Bellamy strode back to the doorway, "Someone get me a key for her shackle, NOW!" The grounder pushed Bellamy back into the room and locked the door.

"Hey!" Bellamy pounded against the wooden door. Incensed that anyone would dare put irons on Clarke. He pulled back and look as though he was going to kick the door down. He was only stopped by Clarke.

"Bellamy, stop, please. I'm alright. Lexa put it on me because I tried to escape."

Bellamy stopped and turned to Clarke, then punched the door once more. "Bitch"

Clarke felt as though maybe she should defend Lexa, but couldn't, because she didn't completely disagree with Bellamy. No matter what feelings she had begun to have for Lexa had been tarnished by the events of Mt Weather, no amount of political talk about the good of the people could change that. It was the betrayal that hurt the most. The betrayal that had led to—

Bellamy moved back in front of Clarke, pulling her out of her thoughts. He was looking at her with what appeared to be wonder.

"Bellamy?"

Bellamy's left hand came up and cupped her face, thumb gently stroking her skin. Then he pulled her close and buried his face in her shoulder. Clarke gasped, but clung onto Bellamy just as tightly as he held her.

Clarke felt overwhelmed by emotion. Beyond happy to see Bellamy, to not have seen hatred in his eyes when he looked at her. Relieved that he was indeed alright after Roan had stabbed him, that he was there with her, safe. Scared of how Bellamy truly felt once the shock of seeing her again wore off. Safe, she felt safe in Bellamy's arms. The irony of that thought was not lost on her, but it was not a new feeling. She had begun to feel that way back when it was just the two of them against the world, leading a group of space kids on the adventure of a lifetime.

Clarke missed the days when things were simpler, when it was just

them. When she hadn't done those thingsâ€|Finn, Mt Weather.

Clarke began to shake with the force of her emotions, happiness and self hatred warring inside of her. Her self loathing made her feel guilty for being happy and Clarke pulled back.

Bellamy searched her face, his left hand back up at her face, that soft smile she had seen in the caves with Roan when he'd found her gracing his features. "I thought I'd lost you."

Bellamy was overwhelmed with emotion, shock, relief, joyâ€|and something else, something deeper, buried underneath respect, loyalty and friendshipâ€|

A need, a hunger rose within Bellamy. His thumb brushed lower, across Clarkes lower lip.

Clarke inhaled, eyes widening. But she didn't pull away. Bellamy began to lower his head.

Just as the door to the room opened and Abby and Kane walked in.

Clarke and Bellamy quickly pulled back from one another.

Abby and Kane gave each other a knowing look, eyes slightly narrowed at seeing Bellamy and Clarke standing so close, looking flushed.

Abby recovered first and ran to Clarke.

Bellamy stepped back as the Chancellor pulled Clarke into a hug. Clarke hugged her mom as best she could. "Clarke"

"Mom"

Kane nodded to Bellamy as he approached them.

Abby pulled back first, looking over Clarkes face, then she seemed to notice Clarkes arm. "What is this? You're bleeding, Clarke"

Kane looked around to see the shackle attached to Clarkes wrist. He then extended his hand, a key sitting in the palm of it. "A gift from Lexa"

Bellamy let out a derisive snort, then took the key and undid the lock. Careful not to damage Clarkes wrist any further.

She hissed when he pulled off the shackle, a piece of jagged metal coming out of her skin, blood swelling in its place. Abby was immediately there, bandage in hand, putting pressure on the open area.

Kane paced in the background, Bellamy stood off to the side. Clarke broke the silence as Abby began to disinfect the wound with saline from her medkit. "You spoke to Lexaâ€|"

Abby looked up at her daughter, "Yesâ€|she made us an offerâ€|for peace"

Clarke nodded "To join her coalition as the thirteenth clan."

Abby looked momentarily surprised, opened her mouth to speak, but Bellamy beat her to it "You've got to be kidding me"

"Bellamy" it was Clarke.

"Noâ€|she had you locked up in chainsâ€|she betrayed us at Mt Weatherâ€|and now we are supposed to whatâ€|join herâ€|trust her?" Bellamy look incredulous, disbelief radiating from his features.

Clarke stepped towards Bellamy, a look of pleading on her face. "Lexa looks after her people"

"I can't believe you are defending her," Bellamy said as he shook his head.

"I'm not defending her, Bellamy. It's a statement of fact. Lexa does what is best for her people. Helping us at Mt Weather wasn't best for her people."

Bellamy took a step back, too angry and frustrated to speak at that moment.

Abby finished wrapping Clarkes wrist and Clarke went to Bellamy, grabbing his right upper arm to stop him, "I don't trust her, Bellamy. I can'tâ€|but we need her army. The Ice Nation is getting too powerful, we can't beat them on our own."

Bellamy turned to her, his tone softer now, "Then let the grounders fight it out amongst themselves."

Clarke sighed, "I wish it were that simple"

"It is" Bellamy insisted.

Clarke shook her head, "They'll come for me Bellamyâ€|apparently I'm too great of a prize"

Bellamy brought a hand up to her left cheek, forgetting that there were two other people in the room. "We'll protect you."

"Against an army of thousands? I can'tâ€|I can't let more people die because of me." Clarke's head lowered in shame, tears coming to her eyes.

Kane had heard enough, seeing that Clarke was allowing herself to be mired in the past, interrupted, "This war isn't because of you Clark. the Ice Nation have wanted war for a long time from what I understand. You are not the reason. You are a tool in the machine of war, not the engineer of it."

Clarke lifted her head and met Kane's gaze. "But if I came back to Camp Jaha I would be condemning everyone there to deathâ€|.againâ€|I can't"

Tears formed in Clarkes eyes and turned away. She gripped her right wrist with her left hand, digging into the torn flesh. The sting of pain shocked through Clarkes system and she focused on that, the

physical sensation rather than the pain in her heart.

Abby couldn't bear to see her daughter in so much pain any longer, strode to her and pulled her into a hug.

Clarke stiffened in her mother's arms, a feeling of dread enveloping her at the thought of what she thought she must do

"I have to leave"

"No" It was said in a quiet tone, but it full emotion and resolve.

"Bellamy!"

"No, I let you leave once! I'm not doing it again. You don't get to run away every time things get tough, Clarke. You don't get to leave me behind anymore."

Bellamy grit his teeth, frustrated that he couldn't talk to Clarke alone. Angry that she would choose to run away again, that she would trust the grounders to protect her, but not her own people—not him. His vision swam with unshed tears and he angrily blinked them back.

Abby was not impressed with Bellamy's anger towards her daughter. She knew that Clarke had made some mistakes, but couldn't he see that she was struggling with the guilt already?

Abby stepped in front of Clarke "That's enough, Bellamy."

Bellamy was too far gone though, months of pent up emotions came rushing to the surface. "You don't get to make unilateral decisions, Clarke. Bad things happen when you do, bad things happen when you ally yourself with Lexa. You let a bomb fall on a village for god sake, a village with my sister and your mother in it!" Bellamy took a breath,

"Bellamy!"

Bellamy kept going, ignoring Kane. " You're not in charge anymore, Clarke. You gave up that right when you left me!left us!and maybe that's a good thing, because when you are in charge, people die."

Clarke felt as though she had been slapped and took a step back. All her fears of how Bellamy truly felt came rushing back. Her vision became blurred with her tears.

Clarke was vaguely aware of her mother rushing forward and the sound of a slap reverberating through the room.

Kane was pulling Abby back away from Bellamy, "You need to step outside, Blake. NOW.". Kane knew that this should have been a private conversation, but that there were too many strong emotions between the two younger people in the room to allow

Bellamy turned to Clarke, ignoring the sting to his cheek. He saw the first tears fall, the pain and hurt in her eyes.

Seeing her begin to cry was too much for Bellamy. He knew he'd crossed a line the minute the words had left his mouth, but it was too late.

Bellamy turned, running a hand through his disheveled locks and walked out the door.

He needed space to think. He couldn't think straight when it came to Clarke lately.

Clarke watched him go, her vision swimming with unshed tears. She knew that any reunion with Bellamy would be bittersweet. She had longed to see him for so long. But the pain of what she had done and then learning about the Ice Nation putting a price on her head—it had kept her away. She had wanted to go back, but was afraid of the consequences.

Sometimes, she dreamed of a simple life, where she was happy—Bellamy was always there. She awoke hating herself. She didn't deserve to be happy when so many people were dead because of her.

The guilt and pain became overwhelming and Clarke pulled away from her mother and Kane.

"I need to be alone."

"Clarke—" Abby went to her daughter, putting a hand on her shoulder.

Clarke pulled away, "Please—I just need a minute"

Kane came forward, pulling Abby back. He could see that Clarke was on the brink of breaking down, unfortunately, they didn't have the luxury of giving her the time to do so just yet.

"Clarke, I understand that this is overwhelming, but I need your opinion. Is Lexa sincere with her offer?"

Clarke took a deep breathe to calm her chaotic emotions, "I believe so, yes. Like I said, I don't trust her to do anything else but what is best for her people. That you can believe in. I believe that having us join as the thirteenth Clan is best for both of us—at this point in time. I've seen the ice nations army, we don't stand a chance against them."

Kane nodded, Clarke's statement confirming what he already thought. "I agree. This might not go down as easily with the rest of Arkadia, but I believe that it is the best option for our people. Abby?"

Abby had been staring at Clarke, worry etched on her face. She didn't like the arrangement that Lexa proposed. She didn't trust the Commander. But she also wanted to protect Clarke and the rest of Arkadia. She took a breathe and turned to Kane. "I don't like it. But I agree."

"Let's continue this discussion once Bellamy returns. We'll meet back here in two hours".

Clarke nodded her head. Abby came over to her daughter and pulled her



close. "I'm so glad you're safe Clarke. I love you."

Clarke nodded, barely able to speak. "I love you too".

She didn't watch them go, instead listening intently for the click of the door closing, her gaze focused on the balcony door. Once she heard that click, Clarke walked shakily to the bed and then collapsed in front of it. She turned her back to the bottom of the bed and sat there. Staring blankly ahead. Tears silently spilling forth, coming in waves down her face.

Her worst fears were realized. Bellamy hated her.

She had stupidly thought that the look in his eyes when he saw her was something else, something good. But it had just been an illusion created by the euphoria of reunion.

Knowing the reality only solidified Clarkes belief that she would have to leave.

Her actions had damned her to solitude. That was her punishment.

Clarkes fingers dug into the wound on her wrist, causing fresh blood to leak out from the bandage. Clarke welcomed the physical pain. Focused on it, allowed it to drown out some of the pain in her heart.

A sudden thud from the balcony caught her attention. She looked up in time to see someone land on the balcony.

As the person turned, Clarke saw that it was a young woman, with the markings of Ice Nation covering her face and the glint of a knife in her hand.

Don't hate, there is Bellarke goodness ahead, promise! But you know Bellamy had to let it out first.

End  
file.